

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (consigning) all our State,
No Prince, nor Peere
Heauen shorten Har

Sc

Enter Falstaff

Shal. Nay, you sh
Arbor we will eate a
sing, with a dish of O
fin Silence, and then t

Fal. You haue hee
Shal. Barren, bar
Sir Iohn: Marry, good
Well said Danie.

Falst. This Danie
Seruingman, and you

Shal. A good Var
let, Sir Iohn: I haue d
good Varlet. Now fi
Cofin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quot
and make good cheere
yeere: when flesh is c
Lads rome heere, and
fo merrily.

Fal. There's a merr
you a health for that an

Shal. Good M. Ba

Da. Sweet sir, sit:
sir, sit. Master Page, g
you want in meate, we
the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M.
there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be m
For women are Shrew

'Tis merry in Hall, wh
And welcome merry S

Fal. I did not thin
Mettle.

Sil. Who If I haue
now.

Dany. There is a diff
Shal. Danie.

Dau. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup
of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke
vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, M. Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M. Silence.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest Bardolfe, welcome: If thou want'st any
thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my
little tynne thee, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauilleroes about London.

Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

Fal. Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horse,

Master Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt

In the Land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee

Scena

GretagMacbeth™ ColorChecker Color Rendition Chart

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.

Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.

When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me; like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

comes ease.

Come you Rogue, come:

me to a Iustice.

Hof. Yes, come you Staru'd Blood-hound.

Del. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Hof. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Del. Come you thinnie Thing:

Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Sauc thee my sw

King. My Lord Chic

man.

Ch. Iust. Haue you y

Know you what 'tis you

Falst. My King, my L

King. I know thee n

How ill white haire be